UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
Associate Editors

Tagore

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Can Italy and France Keep Peace?

By DEVERE ALLEN

A Lesson in Economics

By EDWARD HOLTON JAMES

Leading: A Meditation

By MAUD M. HOLBACH

VOLUME CVII NUMBER 10

Chicago, May 4, 1931

UNITY

Established 1878

Published Weekly *Subscription $3.00*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 10, 1930, at the Post office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor in Chief*
EDITH LLOYD JONES, *Managing Editor*

Associate Editors
LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

Board of Directors
MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON, Treasurer
MRS. ELLA R. NAGELY
MRS. EDITH LLOYD JONES
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

Editorial Board
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
RAYMOND H. PALMER
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Poetry Editors
LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Editorial Contributors
W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
CHARLES E. BEALS
PERCY M. DAWSON
FREDERICK STARR
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
JAMES H. WEST

Foreign Representatives
AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
WALTER WALSH
CANADA—NORMAN STEWART DOWD
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
ITALY—DOROTHY WALTON
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 147
Tagore—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 149
Jottings—J. H. H. 150

ARTICLES—
Tagore Birthday: 1931 147
Can Italy and France Keep Peace?—DEVERE ALLEN 151
A Free American Looks at India—V.—A Lesson in Economics —EDWARD HOLTON JAMES 153
Thoughts of Tolstoy—Part XXV 154
Leading: A Meditation—MAUD M. HOLBACH 156
Note 156

POETRY—
The Day of Peace—MARGUERITE EMILIO 156

THE STUDY TABLE—
Judge Lindsey and the Children—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 157
Sin Back in the Dictionary—W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW 157

CORRESPONDENCE—
Corporal Punishment in Japan—ELLA DARLINGTON 158
Annie Besant on Liberty—HENRIETTE POSNER 159
UNITY an Old Friend—SARAH S. BLAIR 159

THE FIELD—
Tenth International Penal and Penitentiary Congress at Prague —F. HANKINSON 146
A Vacation Study Tour 160

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Tenth International Penal and Penitentiary Congress at Prague

This Congress which meets every five years, and held its previous sessions in London, is now discarding its old name of Prison Congress so that its scope and sphere of influence may be vastly extended. There were the usual official receptions, visits to prisons and state and municipal institutions, a few pleasant excursions, an evening at the State Opera House, during the six days spent in Prague, but rarely has a group of delegates at any congress settled down daily to such serious solid work for the betterment of a despised and rejected section of human society. The Parliament House where the meetings were held was a veritable bee-hive and few drones were to be observed.

Delegates came from all parts of the world. Every European country was represented, and from North and South America, from China and Japan, from parts of the British Empire, from Turkey, etc., earnest workers came to teach and to learn, and to confer and discuss on the subject of prisons and prisoners and offenders against the law, especially as this question is alive now at the League of Nations Council, and is arousing the social conscience of all nations. The largest contingents of delegates came from Great Britain, United States of America, Roumania and Czecho Slovakia.

It was soon noticeable that the Quakers were there in goodly numbers, for the subject of prisons has touched the life and soul of their community since the days of the saintly Elizabeth Fry. The *Times* in an article referred to the fact that "the Salvation Army sent representatives from all parts of the world," and we know their workers are able to touch many of the most degraded and despised souls and lead them back to God and the good life, and their work in aiding and befriending prisoners is world-renowned. Many delegates were present as members or foreign representatives of our British Howard League, a society which evidently has won universal gratitude and prestige for its undaunted labors and its real power to get officials of governments to act for the betterment of the prisons and the prisoners. . . .

The Congress for the first time had a section dealing with Youth. There were four sectional meetings each afternoon, (1) Legislation, (2) Administration, (3) Prevention, and (4) Youth, and all resolutions were then brought before the General Assembly each morning.

It was interesting to note that mere sentimentality was absent from the various discussions dealing with prisoners or prisons. Governors and warders and social workers were agreed that society had to be protected from the law-breakers, but that the treatment and regime should be such that a prisoner might return to civil life and

(*Continued on Page* 159)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, MAY 4, 1931 NUMREB 10

TAGORE BIRTHDAY: 1931

On the 8th of May Rabindranath Tagore completes his seventieth year. This occasion ought to bring together his friends all over the world around him—friends whose lives have been lighted up, broadened, ennobled by his own life. He has been for us the living symbol of the Spirit, of Light and of Harmony—the great free bird which soars in the midst of tempests—the song of Eternity which Ariel strikes on his golden harp, rising above the sea of unloosened passions.

But his art has never remained indifferent to human misery and struggles. He is the "Great Sentinel." In tragic hours, he is the clear-eyed and bold watchman of his own people and of the world.

In the name of thousands whom his melodious voice has nourished with faith, hope and beauty, we invite his poet, artist, scholar and other friends to come forward and present to him on his seventieth birthday a sheaf of their spiritual fruits and flowers. As a token of gratitude, therefore, everyone might offer him a twig from his own garden—a poem, an essay, a chapter of a book, a piece of scientific research, a drawing, a thought, etc.

For all that we are and we have created, have had their roots and branches bathed in that Great Ganges of Poetry and Love.

Jagadis Chunder Bose,
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi,
Romain Rolland,
Albert Einstein,
Costis Palamas.

The Spanish revolution, now happily secure, had been inevitable from the day when Rivera was made dictator by a desperate king. Yet it came at the end with a suddenness which caused the world to catch its breath. In its final crisis, it was admirably done. Alphonso, faced by the prospect of bitter bloodshed, abdicated rather than endanger the lives of his soldiery and subjects. The republicans, with a helpless monarch and royal family on their hands, scrupulously protected these unhappy folks from injury and even insult. One would not have imagined that the throne of the last of all the Hapsburgs could be overthrown with so little disturbance and such exact propriety. Now that it is done, Spain moves definitely out of the darkness of medievalism and into the warm light of modern times. It is as though the Dark Ages, lingering late in the Hispanic peninsula, were fleeing at last before the Renaissance. We anticipate now such an awakening in Spain as this nation has not known since the expulsion of the Moors and the persecution of the Jews. The dynasty destroyed, ecclesiasticism must straightway follow. The Roman Church in Spain will straightway reproduce the drama of the Greek church in Russia. Then education will spread abroad, and freedom lay its living touch upon long-dead things. Art will bloom, and literature adorn men's minds. Above all, civic action and responsibility will quicken the people, and stir them to high achievement. If we were a betting man these days, we would bet on Spain in preference to Italy, or even France. Alphonso, fled, is a pathetic figure, for it was not so much his own frailties as the forces of the age which crushed him. But he is removed only to give way to the uncrowned common man. Democracy once again vindicates itself. *Le roi est mort; vivre—le peuple!*

Dangers to the new Spanish republic are of course many. Perhaps none is so serious as the possible break-up of the former kingdom into separate principalities, or nations, which might prove in the end difficult to federate. Already we read that the Basque provinces and Catalonia desire to set up political housekeeping by themselves. In this, of course, they have excellent example in the numerous little independent powers of eastern Europe. At the same time, if they be wise, they have dire warning in these same eastern powers. Ridiculous and tragic was the way the Versailles Treaty scattered nationalities over the map like the littering of rabbits. It was not enough to set up a free and independent Poland which had sound historic claims to political autonomy. Nor was it enough to establish Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia in answer to the demands of their emancipated peoples. In addition, the treaty-makers had to conceive and bring forth Jugo-Slavia, Albania, Latvia, Lithuania, and Esthonia, confirm the separatist passions of Roumania, Bulgaria and Macedonia, and deliberately force enfeebled Austria to lone existence. An old-fashioned crazy-quilt is nothing to this new-fashioned chaos of eastern Europe. "Crazy" and "chaos" are the words, for these pestiferous little powers hate one another as they hate poison, and use their independence for no better purpose than that of antagonizing and humiliating their neighbors, and of course preparing for the next war. If Spain should break up in this way, it would be a tragedy. The revolution would be disastrously weak-

ened, the cause of the monarchists correspondingly strengthened, and perhaps the way paved for the return sooner or later of the King. Now is the time for Spaniards to hang together, lest, in the famous words of Benjamin Franklin, "they all hang separately."

If Secretary Stimson means what he says about Nicaragua, and if President Hoover really intends to carry through the new policy toward that country, praise too high cannot be spoken of these men. The Nicaraguan policy of this country has for years been a scandal and a shame. President Coolidge's extension of that policy was a public disgrace. This policy was dictated, as every one not a congenital idiot knows, by financial and industrial interests. We were doing the dirty job of helping bankers and high-power salesmen to exploit a weak and therefore helpless people. This very inability of the Nicaraguans to defend themselves against invasion was of course the reason why the policy of intervention was in any way feasible. Imagine our trying this business of sending marines and armies of occupation, to defend American lives and property, to countries of any size. Russia, for example! We would think twice, thrice, many times before we despatched troops into the territory of that potent military power, whatever happened to Americans. Or China! The sheer size of that country and the vast mass of its population have persuaded us amid the chaos of recent years to be quite content to send a gunboat or two to the ports and rivers to serve as a place of refuge for fleeing nationals. But Nicaragua is small, her people weak, and so, like a brazen bully, we have taken this little country by the nape of the neck, and shaken her to our purposes. But now the Hoover administration has declared a right-about-face. American lives and money must henceforth sojourn in Nicaragua at their own risk. Good! What should never have been begun, is now ended. As a matter of sheer curiosity, we should like to know how much the sense of justice had to do with this decision, and how much the persistent and heroic fight of Sandino and his so-called "brigands" for independence. Sandino is no Toussaint L'Ouverture, but he belongs in that class of patriots and martyrs. We think that his patient and dangerous struggle against the invaders of his native land has at last borne fruit.

When Henry Ford talks about history, or art, or even peace, he frequently makes himself ridiculous. But when he talks about automobiles, or working conditions or wages, he says things worth heeding. In the former case he is out of his field; in the latter case, he is most decidedly in it. It is this fact which makes important Mr. Ford's latest statement on Prohibition. When he points out that Prohibition has immeasurably strengthened and stabilized business—that, if liquor came back, "its first effect would be a widespread reduction of wages due to the demoralization of labor which liquor always causes"—that the law is a potent influence toward sobriety—that "employees are everywhere sober men" today—he states truths which are made impressive by the warrant of experience and knowledge behind them. It is amazing, when one thinks of the old days when all great industrial plants were surrounded by open saloons as by the regiments of a besieging army, that any man, employer or employee, should want former conditions to return. As a matter of fact, of course, nobody wants these former conditions back. Every "wet" we know, or have ever heard of, concedes that the saloon must not be allowed to return. But not yet has anybody explained how the saloon, which was banished by the 18th Amendment, can be kept in exile if this Amendment is repealed or modified. Beyond the merely negative position of smashing Prohibition, the "wets" never do any thinking at all. What is going to follow after, if the "wets" win? That's the question which is important, and Henry Ford for one is not troubled for an answer. He knows, as every intelligent and unprejudiced man knows, that the ending of Prohibition would be a disaster of the first order.

Recently, in a period of one week, three biographies of Lenin were published, and three other books on various phases of Soviet Russia today. All of these books will be sold and widely read, and will be followed by others in an uninterrupted flood from the printing press. There is more interest in Russia today than in any other subject in our modern life. And how is this to be explained except upon the basis of the fact that, after all the excitement of the past decade, people have come to recognize the fact that Russia as controlled by the Bolsheviks is here to stay, and that in this Russia there is going forward an experiment in life and government which, if it succeeds, will change the whole character of our existing civilization. *And it seems to be succeeding!* What we have here, as it were, is one of those familiar and popular stories of the end of the world, suddenly come true before our face and eyes. On the far horizon of eastern Europe is emerging a power which, if it perpetuates itself, is destined to end capitalism and all its work. What wonder that people are interested—fascinated with mingled curiosity and dread! What we see, says Lincoln Steffens, in his autobiography just published, is a process, established by revolution in Russia, destined to spread by evolution in America, by which the middle class will everywhere disappear, and the proletariat everywhere come to exclusive power. Only the workers will reign in the future; the idlers will be absorbed, or perish. This is exactly what has happened, of course, in Russia. And the vast shadow of such an event is already falling athwart our consciousness in this country. How we feel as

we watch this shadow depends a good deal upon our social station. Perhaps it is something of this sort that the Communists have in mind when they talk about "class consciousness."

There are some things that seem crazier to us than others, but not much. Sir Hubert Wilkins' attempt to reach the North Pole under the ice, for example, strikes us as one of these prize lunacies. What chance has the noble knight to accomplish his projected feat? And suppose that he does win—what of it? Another insanity, to our way of thinking, is the attempt to drive a motor boat through the water at a rate of a hundred and twenty miles an hour, two miles a minute. How many people will ever want to ride this fast, and what is gained for humanity when one man does it? Another circus stunt of sheer unadulterated madness is this furious competition, between women as well as men, to drive an aeroplane to some lofty height where air cannot be breathed nor cold endured. What is there in such heights for human beings, and why should anybody strive to reach them even for a few moments of perilous time? The natural answer to such questions is that all such adventures are crazy until they succeed and are then proved practicable. Columbus was a madman to his generation; and Lindbergh, until he touched the soil of France, was "the flying fool." But not so! What these men, and others like them, did was to blaze trails where millions eventually were sure to follow. But we contend that the course of Wilkins' submarine will mark no lane of future navigation, that the foaming wake of the latest speed-boat will serve no useful purpose in either life or knowledge, and that the sputtering engine of the loftiest climber of the skies will reach no realms where humans will ever dwell. Yet in the sheer intrepidity of these stunts there may be some spiritual if not rational justification. To challenge the universe even unto madness and death, may be the final seal of man's divinity. But, if we must dare and die, why not front the ills of exploitation and oppression from which men suffer, and conquer these? For ourselves, we think more of the physician who grapples with one disease-germ, the reformer who defies one gangster, than all the speed-chasers and height-climbers of whom we know.

Tagore

UNITY answers joyfully and reverently the summons to celebration of the 70th birthday of Rabindranath Tagore printed at the head of our columns in this issue. If only because of the great Indian's association with this paper would we lift up our voice in praise and gratitude.

But this fact, important though it may be to us, is swallowed up in the infinitely larger significance of Tagore's great place in the life of his nation and of the world. We think of him here in the West, first of all, as one of the supreme poets of all time. As native to the genius of his own culture as Homer to that of ancient Greece or Dante to that of medieval Italy, Tagore has yet made his voice, as Homer and Dante made theirs, a part of the lifted chorus of humanity. The "Gitanjali" and kindred volumes are the pure distillation of Indian thought and life and vision. Yet they have already become an immortal part of the literature of mankind. It is not only natural but inevitable to include in the company of the world's great poets the exalted figure of this eastern bard.

But Tagore is philosopher as well as poet. In his earlier "Sadhana," and in his latest work, "The Religion of Life," he has expounded in prose as noble as his poetry, and in thought as clear as it is beautiful, the sheer idealism of the East. In an age when this type of speculation and belief has all but disappeared here in the West, Tagore's philosophical and religious writings have come like the pouring of a pure spring of living water into the parched areas of a desert land. Machinery, manufacture, wealth, war have possessed our world, and have reflected their mastery in the production of materialistic or mechanistic forms of thought. But all the while, from the far horizons of another world, has come the calm but magically clear voice of this Indian sage, reminding us that the inner spirit is the sole reality, and that the fulfilment of this spirit is the secret of all life. Will it not be recorded in days to come that Tagore was one of the influences which served to keep alive, in this disastrous period of history, the essential soul of man?

As poet and philosopher alike, Rabindranath Tagore has been the supreme reconciler of East and West. To each, as a sort of inspired mind, he has been the interpreter of the other. More than any other oriental of whom we know, he has understood the West, seen the good in the midst of its evil, discerned in its mastery of the material world an indispensable and permanent contribution to the life of man, and commended to the East this vast achievement. But just because he has known the West so well, he has seen its need of what the East could bring—namely, a mastery of the inner life to match the West's great mastery of the outer realm of things. If the West has developed the means of living, the East has found the end of living. His people has laid hold upon the spirit, without which no people, whatever their mechanistic miracles, can hope in the long run to survive. So here was a severed

world, each part of which needed the other as the two halves of Plato's mythical man hungered and searched for one another. To bring these two divisions of mankind together has been Tagore's great mission. He has journeyed ceaselessly in his own country, and far afield in China, Japan, Europe, America, even Soviet Russia, to speak his message of reconciliation and mutual cooperation. That he should have come at just the time when all the East is awakening to individual and national self-consciousness, and is in imminent danger of building its new life in hatred of and hostility to the West, is one of those accidents of circumstance which would seem to indicate not accident but purpose in the world.

What Tagore has thus done extensively abroad, he has undertaken to do intensively in his own country. To many of his fellow-countrymen, Tagore's work as a teacher marks his greatest contribution at least to the life of his own people. He has seen precisely what Gandhi has seen—the threatened extinction of Indian culture before the ruthless invasion of western materialism and militarism. Gandhi has met the issue by leading his people in a national revolution which has compassed in one vast movement the economic, political and social forces of his age, and therewith has proved himself the greatest statesman of his time, as well as the purest saint and most potent popular leader of all time. With the spirit and purpose of Gandhi's nationalist cause, if not with every detail of method, Rabindranath Tagore has always been in basic sympathy. But the poet and philosopher, like the Mahatma himself, has had his own approach to the one problem—his own way of contributing to the salvation of his people's life. This has been, as a specific work apart from the general work of writing and speaking, his task of education as embodied in his school which has become one of the most important educational institutions not only of India but of the world. Here he has awakened the soul of India to itself, and laid down methods by which the awakening may continue, and spread to the remotest corners of the land, long after his own inspired presence has been withdrawn. Tagore the teacher takes rank with Tagore the poet and philosopher. Side by side with Gandhi, he serves the age's cause. As different as Erasmus and Luther, these two men, each in his own distinctive way, labor to bring in that new period of world history which must mark an epoch in the annals of mankind.

Rabindranath Tagore is one of those happy men who look the part they play. Who that has ever seen him can forget that serenely beautiful countenance, that tall and noble form, that mien of ineffable dignity and exaltation! I remember, when first I saw his figure clad in its softly flowing robes, that I thought myself in the presence more of a god than of a man. Later I came to feel that this presence was the veritable incarnation of the poetic soul—the outward and visible form of the inward and spiritual grace. Surely it is this which makes a meeting with Tagore to partake of the nature of a sacrament. More than by any ceremony before an altar, I was made to feel by the man himself the sense of mystic reverence and awe.

A great man—an exalted soul! UNITY joins with kindred spirits the world around in salutation to Rabindranath Tagore on a birthday which, his own in the flesh, he has bestowed upon myriads of others in the spirit.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

Spain has overthrown its monarchy. Italian papers please copy!

Kings who are kings become no kings. See Spain! Kings who are no kings remain kings. See England! Kings are allowed to remain kings today, in other words, only if they have ceased to become kings.

The Scriptures tell us that "after the earthquake" came "the still small voice." After the earthquake in Nicaragua, however, came the short sharp bark of Sandino's rifles. One may still fight for independence though the heavens fall!

The suggestion that Calvin Coolidge should be invited to serve as Speaker in the next House is wholly consistent with the fact that the Speaker is the one member of the House who does not speak.

A lecturer is announced to speak on "The Morality of War." This sounds like talking on the morality of burglary, arson and murder.

Mahatma Gandhi has this to say about missionaries:

> If instead of confining themselves purely to humanitarian work and material service to the poor, they limit their activities as at present to proselyting by means of medical aid, education and such, then I would certainly ask them to withdraw. Every nation's religion is as good as any other. Certainly India's religions are adequate for her people and we need no converting spiritually.

Doesn't the Mahatma prove his own case? If Hinduism can produce a Gandhi, what need has India of Christianity? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

J. H. H.

Can Italy and France Keep Peace?

On my table is a pile of clippings from the Continental press. Mainly, they tell good news. The after-effects of the naval treaty signed by France and Italy are apparent everywhere. The official French press, grudging and cautious at first, has in later days taken its cue from the Quai d'Orsay and settled down, conceding that the agreement was no diplomatic error. Mussolini has voiced the hope of better relations. Briand, following one of the nationalist onslaughts against his pacific policies, made a spirited defense of his methods which was approved in the Chamber by a vote of 551 to 14; since then, the jingoes have been preoccupied by the political results of the bank disasters. The prestige of Mr. Henderson, the British Foreign Minister, has been justly enhanced. The threat of a suicidal armament race between these Mediterranean rivals, thus giving an excuse for a general expansion under the so-called "esclator" clause of the London Naval Treaty, is definitely muzzled.

My pleasant ruminations, however, are rudely shattered. From the Mediterranean inland to this hillside room is borne a series of loud booms. It is the target practice of the shore batteries. They have been at it steadily for three days. The sky is a-roar with flocks of deadly dragon-flies, rehearsing their little game of dropping lethal pestilence; one of them, though, flies far out over the blue sea, dragging in its aerial wake a mark with which the anti-aircraft guns are occupied. Two submarines, like infinitely lazy porpoises, play about the harbor, going down and reappearing. The streets are full of likeable, well-behaved young soldiers, clad in horizon blue, with a goodly sprinkling of red-hatted or beturbaned colonials in khaki. It is much the same along the border, all the way to Switzerland. At Grenoble, where a strip of Italian territory projects illogically into the soil of France, a grim fort faces it in readiness. Grim forts are placed on more than one grim mountain, and other forts are being grimly built. Maneuvers were constantly in progress as we came down the Rhone, through Orange, Avignon, Arles, Marseilles, Toulon, and the little town beyond where this is being written.

We have not yet crossed the restless border. But there, as everybody knows, the troops of fascism duplicate in their own land what is going on in France. Detachments of Italian soldiery practice at war from Ventimiglia to Aosta, worming their way far up into the mountain passes of the snowy Alps.

While Europe seethes with irritations, there is no Continental area transcending in dangerous potentialities an arid waste of land in Northern Africa. Running southward from the Mediterranean where Tunisia and Libya meet, a snaky line proceeds down toward Lake Tchad. For a time, the line will be the same upon all maps; beyond, it depends upon whose map you happen to be looking at. Ever since Cato hurled his Roman execrations at the Carthaginian power, this region has excited Italian ambition; through all these centuries, the old desires have had a way of reappearing. When the Allies drew up their secret treaties at London in 1915, their eagerness to pull Italy in on their side led them to make large pledges. Among the pawns was this coveted territory; how much of it was to go to Italy depended upon how great a portion of Africa was wrested from Germany by France and Britain, and the wording simply ran, "Italy may claim some equitable compensation" in the district. The Bonin-Pichon negotiations of 1919 settled specifically the boundary about halfway to Lake Tchad; from there on, the precise delimitations rest with the arbitrament of time. Even if France ceded to Italy the Tibesti-Boreu region, the actual gain as a trade route would be negligible, and agriculture is out of the question. What, however, is of importance to Italy is the strategic value of these sandy acres in holding back the native tribes, still rebellious and eager to drive the Italians out of the Tripolitanean hinterland. In their turn, the French have become nervous because their cherished port of Djibouti in French Somaliland is now rivalled by Assab, the Italian port just north in Eritrea, through a concession for a roadway across Abyssinia won by clever Italian diplomacy.

But the Italians think they have a prior need of African territory. "Look," they exclaim, "at our enormous and steadily mounting population!" They have, in their kingdom of 120,000 square miles, more than 42,000,000 people, and in the last nine years have increased by 4,000,000. France's population is about the same, for an area of 212,000 square miles. Try their best, the French military and governmental leaders cannot persuade the people to raise more children, and unfortunately they do not institute sanitary measures which would materially decrease the death rate. Where are the surplus Italians to go? The fascist government sternly pleads the need of new land, while at the same time doing everything it possibly can to make the need greater. The birth rate is at a point where not even a lack of sanitation can stop it, and Moussolini is not backward about improving sanitation.

France owns in Africa some 3,773,000 square miles, much of it fertile; Italy only 730,000 and much of it barren. Colonialism in Libya is for the Italians still largely a dream of empire. Walking along the Quai Cronstadt at Toulon, and watching the great tide of Moroccans, Algerians, Tunisians, and Senegalese, and realizing France's genius for colonial administration, you understand that in a way the Mediterranean no more separates France from her empire than the little Quesnon River divides Brittany from Normandy. Italian journalists do not tire, however, of pointing out the failure of the French in Tunis to assimilate the Italian population; here, out of 80,000 European inhabitants, there are 44,000 Italians to 28,000 French. It is worthy of passing notation that the passport regulations for the French colonies are the same as those of France, "except to Italian subjects."

If this discussion of far regions seems a trifle academic, the notion should be promptly laid aside. Millions of dollars and years of gallant sacrifice have gone into missionary enterprises on the assumption that no corner of the world was insignificant in establishing the principles of Jesus, and even the sternest critic of missions would recognize, if he is realistic, that a war drum beating now in the far wastes of North Africa might conceivably drown out the traffic noises of America's busy streets. War is no more easily controlled, today, than a raging prairie fire. These far-away issues are remote simply because of our own

provincialism, not because they do not affect the future of our religious, economic, and social life. And the naval agreement nothwithstanding, France and Italy are still very much like the two boys on the rocking-horse, one of whom spoke up and said, with utter frankness, "If one of us got off, I could ride a great deal better."

France, living, as Mr. H. W. Nevinson has aptly put it, under the influence of "the haggard element of fear," passionately believes that security must precede peace or disarmament; and by security she means the preservation of the *status quo*. To keep things as they are, she has gone back to the old balancing of powers against each other, tying herself up to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia, usually by open treaty, sometimes, as in the secret treaty revealed in 1926 between herself and Roumania and Poland, not quite so openly. By marriage of royalty, common pledges, and economic arrangements, Italy has joined the nations determined on a revision of the Versailles Treaty, and to offset France's ring of alliances, she has built up her relations with Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria, and even made concessions to Austria by fairer treatment of the Tyrolesian minority.

Hushed up at times, when it concerns themselves, is the apparent maintenance of spy systems by both nations. With due allowance for rumor, which, like the camel, can travel far and long on a small amount of refreshment, the reports of arrested spies which appear so frequently in the press are not without significance. Very recently, the Swiss deported two French spies seeking to obtain "military information concerning a foreign power"; still more recently, an Italian was arrested in the French Riviera and charged with possessing maps of French defenses. It is all very silly, for in this chemical-industrial era, the location or plan of a fort is of slight military consequence. But the ancient game dies hard, and these dramatic machinations, exploited by the press of the offended power, electrify the masses.

Adding to these psychological and economic factors the keen rivalry that exists in the respective shipyards of the two countries, you can understand how the sentimental motives mingle with the practical. France's mercantile fleet totals 3,530,879 tons; Italy's 3,331,226. Italy is laying down new ocean liners and coastal vessels in a feverish attempt to get ahead; France is doing the same, determined to hold its maritime advantage.

Each of these nations looks upon the other critically with respect to certain ideals, practices, and institutions. Curiously, but in the same way that human nature is never the least curious of cosmic phenomena, each relishes least those things in the other which most closely resemble its own.

"Book and musket make the perfect fascist," says Mussolini, and no better phrase could sum up the progressive and retrogressive in modern Italy. France, which allows a wide latitude of political agitation, which permits Communists to sit in the Chamber of Deputies and rarely exercises the law giving the government power to muzzle the press, sees in Italy a press cowed into a dog-like servility and a people living under the terror of the Organizzazione Vigilanza Reati Anti-Nazionali, the Italian Tcheka, which is the instrument used by the Dictator to carry out his announced purpose of "trampling upon the putrefying corpse of liberty." France sees textbooks put into use which deliberately rally children around the dictatorship, which hardly mention foreign countries, and which inculcate the war ideal and territorial expansionism. France sees military conscription and voluntary military training so established and interwoven that, as an Italian paper happily put it, every male citizen of Italy is a soldier from the time when, at the age of eight, he joins the uniformed Balilla, up to the age of fifty-five, when he officially becomes a veteran.

In one of his belligerent speeches, Mussolini histrionically held up in sight of thousands what he proclaimed to be a list of the fortifications recently enlarged and newly erected on the French side of the frontier, a description of batteries freshly placed, and an outline of anti-Italian strategic plans newly perfected. These are the things which the Italian sees. He also sees that French military aviation has been developed to a high degree, in fact so high that many Frenchmen declare it has ruined the advance of commercial flying; he sees that the 1930 bill for war *supplies alone* in France was $60,000,000 and is to be doubled from now on; he knows that his own text books are similar in many ways to those government-censored books in use by French schools for years, putting the emphasis all on France alone and neglecting other cultures, as well as glorifying militarism; he sees that the moderate Pétain has been recently replaced by the reactionary, swashbuckling General Weygand in command of the army; he sees that France's own army, though not increasing and in fact slightly decreasing, is still enormous, and is reinforced by treaty with that of Belgium, the poor little nation that, pathetically enough, is today feverishly building up a staggering burden of new armament, just as she did in 1912 and 1913, hoping in this twice-visionary way to achieve security.

The neutral observer finds little consolation in the real reasons for the naval agreement. True, says the cynic, Italy yielded to the importunate British and made a sacrifice for peace, but she also needs British coal and French phosphates. True, he says again, France gave in a little, but only to buy British support against Germany at the coming disarmament conference. I refuse to be so cynical. But I believe there is excellent reason for thinking that the greatest influence was the world depression. Italy's revenues have fallen disastrously, and the cut of 12 per cent in official salaries by the dictatorship did not add to the glamor, which is already beginning to wane a little. France has not been hard hit until lately, but unemployment has at last become serious, and the French Cabinet has learned what economists could have told them long since, that an enormous gold reserve alone will not feed hungry mouths.

Both the French and the Italians are, personally, friendly, even irresistible. Apart from the indoctrinated attitudes which keep them suspicious of each other, they ought to be on the best of terms. In the Provencals and the Ligurians the blood of ancient Gaul and Italy has been blended for two thousand years, so much so that for a long stretch around the adjoining coastlines you can hardly tell from their appearance to which nation many of the people belong.

There is certainly peace sentiment in Italy, though there is, of course, no organization worthy of the

name. The men and women of peace have either been silenced or have fled. And in France, while the hopeful signs are not large, they are increasingly numerous. The women of France have developed some extremely competent leaders working hard for peace. The radical war resistance movement, though small, is definitely on the move, despite imprisonment of the pioneers; the prolific and widely-known French novelist, Victor Marguéritte, who served in the War, has recently published an uncompromising book elaborating concretely the case for Einsteinian pacifism. A school of peace has been established by moderate peace advocates, and is performing useful work. There is a movement of Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, possessing brains and courage, calling the churches away from the old habit of running to heel whenever Mars utters a loud whistle. The Socialist Party, moderate indeed and long timid about taking an international point of view, has stiffened its demand for disarmament, and its leader, Léon Blur, has published a series of articles which aroused great discussion, in which he made a plea for curtailment of French armament even if this was not matched precisely by other countries. Among the youth of France, especially, there are voices challenging the war mind and method.

The leaders of the French nation are not ranting war-lovers. Nor is Mussolini the marplot he is sometimes represented. On both sides, there appears a broader spirit. Italy needs peace in order to survive her economic crisis, and those who struggle for democracy against fascism alike recognize that war would only aid reaction. For France, even if victorious, another war would be completely ruinous. But both countries cling to the ideal of empire, unrelaxing; both devoutly believe in the military definition of "security." A change, and better relations, cannot come too soon.

DEVERE ALLEN.

A Free American Looks at India

V—A Lesson in Economics

I found a pleasant change of scenery in the newspaper—something new from the United States—a speech by Mr. Silas H. Strawn, before the United States Chamber of Commerce, as follows:

"We are better off in the United States than the people in the rest of the world. But we are suffering today because there is great production and little consumption. One of the causes of the present business depression is the fact that China and India have destroyed their buying capacity by internal disputes and wars. The result is that people in those countries are starving today. I think that if these countries were stable they would be able to consume all we produce and thereby eliminate the economic crisis from which we are suffering in the United States today."

Golden words of wisdom. How can we hold India "stable" so that her people can consume some of our American goods? England is trying to hold India stable so that India will consume British goods. I wish that Mr. Strawn had been with me in the Deccan so that he could get an insight into the real lives and problems of these people. The old theory of trade-imperialism was to hold primitive peoples stable so that capitalistic nations could fill them up with goods. That was a nice system, but today the primitives are upsetting the applecart. The U. S. Chamber of Commerce ought to watch the silent changes which are taking place. This Chamber ought to spend a little time studying the question of commerce. The members of the New York Stock Exchange and of the New York Chamber of Commerce must not think that they know everything about commerce, although they are Americans. They probably spend too much time studying commerce in Wall Street and not enough time studying commerce in Asia.

The per capita income of the people of India is calculated to be four cents per day. How far would that go, buying American goods, to relieve the industrial crisis in the United States, even supposing that the Indians were more friendly to buying American goods than to buying German, Japanese or other goods? What becomes of the money of the people of India? If Mr. Strawn will visit the Deccan he will find millions of dollars in the shape of gold and silver coin and bank-notes hoarded up in subterranean caves belonging to the Nizam of Hyderabad. This system of bullion hoarding is said to be practiced by every independent prince in India. How do they get this money? They squeeze it out of their subjects the way water is squeezed out of a sponge. But what goes into the caves and jars and silver elephants of the princes is only a bagatelle to what goes into the pockets of the British. Mr. Strawn says that the Indians have destroyed their buying-capacity by "internal disputes." Let him consider the case of the viceroy of India who receives a salary of $100,000 which is paid into a bank in London and which he cannot touch until the end of his five-year tenure of office. What does the Viceroy live on? He gets $500,000 a year to live on, that is, to keep the wolf away from the door, to keep up the show, while he is viceroy. Gandhi, a man who for brain-power will rank well with any viceroy likely to come to India, can live on less money than this. Gandhi can live on almost nothing, and he has done more for India than all the viceroys and commanders-in-chief who ever have come or ever will come to India. Here is $600,000 a year paid to the political figure-head of the poorest country on earth. How does that compare with the salary paid to the president of the richest nation on earth, a man who is not supposed to be in any sense of the word in the same category with "figure-heads?" Take the Meerut Conspiracy case, which has been skilfully kept dribbling along so that the English state-attorney has already got his hand into the pockets of the Indian tax-payers to the extent of over $200,000. That is only one little game being played in a corner, among thousands of other bigger games. Everything in India is carried on on the same magnificent scale. It is truly a game worthy of kings and princes, with slaves to pay the bills.

Come to India, Mr. Strawn, and learn a few facts. Get a picture of the Indian's buying capacity from beneath the piece of matting which is all he has to shelter his family from the burning heat of the sun on the Deccan plain.

There are bread-lines in New York and much suf-

fering. But real misery the working-classes of the west do not know as compared to India. If it should ever become a question in the future of India and America dealing with each other on a big scale, we can put down one fact as absolutely certain. India's buying-power will increase in exact ratio to America's helping-power. The Indian peasant is not a cold-blooded calculating capitalist. But there is nothing wrong with his heart. You can deal with him satisfactorily so long as your heart is as good as his is. The motto of trade-imperialism as practiced in the past was "Get everything and give nothing." Take for instance the shameless opium trade. Take the liquor-shop business today being forced on the Indians by the lathi-blows of English police-sergeants. Getting money and giving death. Can the U. S. Chamber of Commerce invent a better system?

On what system would Mr. Strawn propose to keep India stable? On the old system of trade-imperialism, or on some better system yet to be devised? England has been "dumping" into India for years, but now Humpty Dumpty has fallen off the wall and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot, etc. So let us quit dumping, and begin to help somebody. The Chamber of Commerce can also take a few minutes to consider the question of high tariffs and protection in connection with getting our high-priced articles into India in competition with Germany and Japan. America enjoys today certain financial advantages. She is in a position to extend credit. We helped plenty of people in Russia after the war. We felt big and generous then. Why cannot we go on feeling big and generous? We can help India by the extension of credit, with good-will and square-dealing for everybody, yes, after certain changes have taken place in India.

Britain has lost in India a customer whom she never will regain. The desire for gain brought her here and kept her here. Now the end has come. If her method of unmitigated greed is today on the point of collapse, she has nobody to blame but herself. She cannot blame Gandhi. She will have ample time in the future to meditate on this, as well as on a few other stern facts. With her irritation of the Afridis, with her huge military expenditures on the frontier, with her highly paid civil service in the poorest country on earth, with her reckless extravagance on such useless projects as the New Delhi capital and the Bombay development fiasco, with her pageants of red carpets and soldiers, Britain has brought India to the point of revolution. By massacre, burning, clubbing and shooting she has earned the undying hate of the people of India. She built railroads only the better to get the money out of the country, only the better to get British goods into the country, only the better to transport her tax-gatherers, governors and troops through the country. For one hundred and fifty years, one forty-fourth part of the human race, living in England, has been bleeding one-sixth part of the human race living in India and now the end has come.

But Mr. Strawn says that American business men might sell some goods over here. They have a good chance, as good as anybody. But let them come knowing that no regime will be "stable" in India which is not just to both sides. It will be no use for them to come unless they can bring a new system that is better than the old one and unless they come with the idea to help and not to bleed the people of the country.

EDWARD HOLTON JAMES.

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[Selections from Tolstoy's "Reading for Every Day," here published for the first time in English]

LXXXIV

1.

Treasure good thoughts, both your own and others', whenever you come to know them. Nothing can help you so much as good thoughts in the fulfilment of the true task of your life.

2.

We accept thoughts only when they indulge our passions, when they justify us. Hence we should be particularly strict and discriminating with regard to thoughts that give us particular pleasure.

3.

Whenever we find out a new thought and recognize it as true, it seems to us that we knew it long ago, and have only now remembered what we knew. Every truth already rests in the soul of every man. Only keep from deadening it with falsehood, and sooner or later it will be revealed to you.

4.

Only those people assure men that reason cannot be the guide of life, whose own reason is so perverted that they feel they cannot believe in it.

5.

People are divided into two classes: some think first, then speak and act; the others speak and act first, and only think afterwards.

6.

Reason is one in all men. Men's intercourse, their influence upon each other, is founded on reason. Hence it is especially important not to allow in your thoughts that which does not agree with the demands of the reason common to all men.

7.

When you are in doubt, not knowing what is right and what is wrong, you should retire within yourself, and not seek salvation by the outer light—but extinguish this outer light. It alone prevents your seeing what is good and what is evil.

8.

It is well to retire into solitude to pray. Thus Christ taught. But besides the prayer of solitude there is also prayer among men. And this prayer is just as important and necessary for man. It lies not in assembling together to read or sing prayers, as many do; it lies in remembering when you meet and commune with any man, that in him there is the same God who is in you, and hence that you must treat him with equal brotherly love and equal respect, whoever he may be: a drunkard, a begger or a king in all his false grandeur.

This prayer is the most necessary of all, and therefore you should strive to train yourself in it.

LXXXV

1.

I pray God that He should rid me of the suffering that tortures *me*. But this suffering was sent me by God to rid me of evil. The master lashes his cattle to drive them out of the burning shed and save them, but the cattle pray that they should not be lashed.

2.

We grieve when people humiliate and abuse us; but this is always for our own good; we turn away from people, we approach God.

3.

Illness finds us unprepared for life in illness, and therefore when we are ill, we do not consider this living, we only think, when shall we get well in order to begin to live? But this is a great mistake. It is as possible to lead a good or a bad life in illness, as in health.

4.

See in sufferings their meaning for your spiritual growth, and the bitterness of suffering will be done away with.

5.

The cause of suffering for an animal is violation of the law of animal life; this violation is manifested in a consciousness of pain, and the activity called forth by the violation of the law is directed to overcoming this pain. For a rational being the cause of suffering is a violation of the law of rational, conscious life; this violation is manifested in a consciousness of delusion, of sin, and the activity called forth by the violation of the law is directed to overcoming delusion and sin. And as the suffering of the animal calls forth an activity directed against pain, and this activity frees suffering of its torment, so the suffering of a rational being calls forth activity directed against delusion, and this activity frees suffering of its torment.

LXXXVI

1.

We say that time moves. This is false. We move, but not time. When we sail along a river, it seems to us that the banks move, and not the boat in which we are sailing. Just so with time.

2.

You desire good. But good can only be *now*. In the future there cannot be good, because there is no future. There is only the present.

3.

You should avoid thinking of the future, and only try in the present to make life joyous for yourself and others. "The morrow will take care of itself." This is a great truth. Life is good in that you never know what is necessary for the future. One thing is surely necessary and is always worth while: love toward men in the present.

4.

At the outset the idea of life seems to a man very clear and simple. First of all it seems to him that life is in him, in the body. "I live by the body, hence life is in my body." But as soon as he begins to seek this life in his body, difficulties immediately arise. Life is not in the nails, in the hair, nor in an arm or a leg (both the arm and the leg can be cut off); neither is it in the blood, or the blood-vessels, or the nerves. One without the other does not give life. Life, it appears, is everywhere and nowhere, and the place of its habitation cannot be found. Not having found the place in which life is stored, man seeks it in time, and this also seems very simple at first. But, again, as soon as you begin to seek life in time, you see that it is not such a simple matter. I live 20, 30, 50, 60 years according to the records. But I know that I was asleep a third of my life, in the course of these years. Well, was I living or not living? Then I was in my mother's womb, at nurse: Again, was I living or not? Of the remaining two-thirds of my life, I spent over half in sleep-walking—again I do not know whether I was living or not. To some extent I lived, to some extent I didn't. So that in time, also, it turns out that life is everywhere and nowhere. Then the question involuntarily arises: whence comes this bodily life, that I cannot find anywhere? Here I shall find the answer. According to Darwin, life came from the lower organisms—but where did they come from? So that even here, what seemed so easy to me, is not only difficult, but impossible. It appears that I was seeking, not my own life, but something else. It appears that if you would seek life, you must seek it in space, not in time, not as cause and effect, but as something that I know in myself outside of time, in the present—quite independent of space and time.

5.

We know life only as something separate from all the world. As beings separated from all the world. we cannot think except in terms of time and space. But conceptions of time and space are necessary to us only for the guidance of our separate being in this world; they not only fail to help us to a knowledge of our real "self," but they form the main obstacle to understanding, because in reasoning about this "self" in terms of time and space, these conceptions inevitably lead to an infinity—small or great—in which everything becomes incomprehensible.

6.

In the region of material life we are always in ignorance, because everything goes on in time, and here we cannot know the future. In the region of the spiritual, however, we know all, for there is no future there. Hence the uncertainty of our life decreases in so far as our life passes over from the material to the spiritual; in so far as we live in the present.

7.

All that we do to make our lives secure is precisely what the ostrich does, when it stops and hides its head in order not to see itself being killed. We do worse than the ostrich: in order to doubtfully secure our doubtful life in a doubtful future, we really ruin our real life in the real present.

LXXXVII

1.

There is nothing frightful in death. That which is frightful in it, we ourselves make through our own lives.

2.

Remember that you are not standing still but passing by, that you are not in a house, but on a train that bears you toward death. Remember that your body is merely dwelling temporarily—wearing out its span—while the soul alone is living within you.

3.

Here are a crowd of people in chains. They are all sentenced to death, and every day some of them are killed before the eyes of the others. Those who remain, seeing these murders, wait their turn in terror. Such is life for men if they do not understand its

meaning. But if men understand that we have all come forth from God, and are going to him, death cannot be terrible for them. Such men know that we are all passing through life—some more swiftly, others more slowly—but all moving equally toward him—from whom we came. He from whom we came and to whom we are going is love and felicity.

4.

People ask: why do children or young people die, when they have lived so little? How do you know that they have lived little? This crude measure of yours is time, but life is not measured in time. This is just the same as to say: why is this saying, this poem, this picture, this piece of music so short, why was it broken off and not drawn out to the size of the longest speech or piece of music, the largest picture? As the measure of length is inapplicable to the meaning (greatness) of productions of wisdom or poetry, so—even more evidently—is it inapplicable to life. How do you know what inner growth this soul accomplished in its short span, and what influence it had upon others?

Spiritual life cannot be measured by a physical measure.

(To be Continued)

Leading: A Meditation

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

The Quaker doctrine of the Inner Light is very attractive to me. I am sure that if more professing Christians really sought and followed the still small voice that surely guides us in mundane affairs if we will, we should be saved much trouble and anxious thought in our daily life, and get better results.

It is not always a choice between definite good and evil courses. It may be a matter of deciding where to go for a holiday, or of choosing a house or a school for one's children, or even things that are seemingly trivial. I am sure that in all the affairs of life, if we desire leading, we shall find it. Many of us who are in some degree psychic, feel as soon as we take a letter in hand if it contains good or bad news. With those with whom we are "en rapport" we know their thoughts before they speak them. When we find we have been thinking simultaneously of the same thing, we say "Is it telepathy?". We feel we are moving about "in worlds not realized," that we possess forces which, if developed, would enable us to communicate with our friends at a distance without writing, and would help us in innumerable ways to do the right thing at the right moment; in a word, to be more efficient in our work or play, more successful in all our undertakings.

In my own experience, whenever I followed a course that the Inner Voice directed, I have found it the right one, though at times well-meaning friends told me I was acting contrary to commonsense. When, on the contrary, I allowed myself to be persuaded to alter my course of action, I invariably regretted it later.

Following the Inner Voice will sometimes entail taking risks that worldly prudence deems inexpedient, but that makes of daily life a high adventure instead of a dull daily round.

Sometimes it is true you seem to hear two voices giving opposite counsel. How discriminate between the false and the real? In a little book said to be communicated, the question is answered thus, "The voice of Christ is fearless, all-powerful, the voice of a conqueror."

Beware of stifling the voice or of disregarding anything that seems to you a sign. Accept it in childish faith, and your way will grow plainer, the vision brighter. Whatever your outward circumstances, you will have inward peace that cannot be disturbed by good or evil report. You will know when storms threaten, that God has you in his keeping, and not you alone, but all the troubled world of restless striving men and women who know not what they want and like children grasp at bubbles.

You will learn to be patient with men, to judge no human being harshly, to look for the divine spark in the seemingly depraved, and then with all the imperfections of humanity you will be shewn in mystic bliss that "the whole earth is the garden of the Lord and every created being in it an invited guest."

The vision may fade, but having seen it you can never be the same again, for you will have learned the ultimate purpose of life—the coming of the Kingdom of God. Henceforth all is well. "Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

MAUD M. HOLBACH.

The Day of Peace

[A Hymn]

Behold! the day is drawing near,
Foreseen by men of yore,
When spears shall yield to pruning hooks,
And war be learned no more.
When countless hordes of marching men,
Full-armed for mortal strife,
Shall yield their place to vaster hordes,
Armed with the tools of life.

From continent and far-off isle,
From valley, steppe and hill,
Shall volunteers press forth to join
The army of goodwill.
Together they shall onward move,
A noble, friendly throng,
And "all for each and each for all,"
Shall be their marching song.

Beneath the universal flag
Of their humanity,
They shall advance to win for peace
A lasting victory.
The massive walls of hate and fear,
Raised by suspicion's skill,
Shall fall to dust beneath the force
Of their serene goodwill.

Behold! the day of peace draws near,
The night of war wanes fast,
The banners of the dawn appear
Above the hills at last.
Awake! Awake! ye peoples all,
Arise, and greet the light,
Put on the armor of your God,
Go forward in his might.

MARGURITE EMILIO

The Study Table

Judge Lindsey and the Children

A new book from Judge Lindsey's pen—or rather from his lips, for the Judge speaks his books to a collaborator who writes them—is always an event. This book,* in title and purpose, belongs with his earlier biographical volume, "The Beast," rather than with his later books, "The Revolt of Modern Youth," and "The Companionate Marriage." As a matter of fact, however, the substance of the book is drawn from the author's long experience with the lives of children and from his creative thought as prompted by this experience. From this standpoint the present volume, at least at the start, is something of a disappointment. Judge Lindsey begins the volume as though it were his intention to write his autobiography. Thus, he tells us of his birth, his childhood and education, his early years as a lawyer and politician. Then, with his appointment as a judge, he suddenly becomes absorbed in the great work of his juvenile court, and the story of his personal life, apart from stray glances here and there, disappears from view.

As biography, therefore, this book is a failure. We hope that the Judge will recognize it as such and in another volume tell us the real tale of his days which ought to constitute one of the most thrilling as well as heroic biographical narratives of our time. But this book has a value of its own, even if not strictly biographical, which is almost inestimable. Judge Lindsey is one of the great public figures of America in the last generation. He is great because of himself,—a devoted, unselfish, brave and tireless servant of the public good. But he is great, also, as the pioneer in the field of redemptive work for children and youth, as the creator of one of the most useful and beneficent of all public institutions, the juvenile court, as the author of more constructive legislation for the right public service of the needs of children than has come from the hand and brain of any other man, and as a constructive if not wholly original thinker on the ethical as well as social problems of our time.

In this book Judge Lindsey surveys his twenty-eight years as the "Children's Judge" in Denver, Colorado. He gives us many humorous, pathetic, and always significant stories to illustrate his principles and methods of work. He reveals in detail what can only be called the miracles of his achievements with the boys and girls who came before him for legal handling. He narrates again the story of the fight waged against him by the "best men" and the most potent influences in his State. And he discloses at the end the final tragedy of his removal from the court and his disbarment from his profession by the enemies who sought to destroy him at any cost. Judge Lindsey undoubtedly has the weaknesses of the whole-souled reformer—there is the touch of fanaticism here and there in his words and deeds. But what reformer ever wrought his immortal good without such fanaticism, or, as it may perhaps be more fittingly described, such divine fire in his blood? In the light of what Judge Lindsey did during his years of public service, and of what he contributed permanently to the life of the American people, we have little interest in his faults and failings. This book is the record and justification of one of the few great leaders in the progress of American life and thought. Judge Lindsey in the end must be ranked with the not more than half a dozen men who have contributed reforms which the nation will never lose, nor yet forget.

"The Dangerous Life" contains an elaborate appendix, written apparently after most of the original manuscript was done, telling in great detail the story of Judge Lindsey's fracas with Bishop Manning at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine last fall. We feel sorry that this appendix was included in the volume. The event itself is one of the least important in Judge Lindsey's life, and its great elaboration in the closing pages of the book tends to throw the rest of the story out of focus. Furthermore, this event is one of the least fortunate of Judge Lindsey's experiences, as it involved matters of conduct and good taste which may be said to be questionable. Personally, we wish the Judge had let Bishop Manning say his say, and then laughed at him instead of attacking him. But we can understand how this outrageous treatment at the hands of a prominent ecclesiastic was laid upon Judge Lindsey as a kind of a last straw of the vast burden of injustice and cruelty which he has borne in recent years. What wonder that this straw broke the back of his patience and good will! The story of the episode serves at least to reveal the full nature of the outrage visited by the Bishop upon the soul of one of the most Christ-like men who lives today in this republic. As a record of the moment it has its place, but we trust that in later editions of this book it will be removed. Judge Lindsey's life is too noble, and the story he tells of it too dignified and impressive, to be spoiled by the narrative of an unseemly scuffle.

We remember that, when we were in Palestine in 1929, we discovered in one of the remotest of the Jewish colonies, in the scant library of a heroic band of pioneers battling against cold and hunger and a stubborn soil to lay the foundation of the new Zion, a well-worn copy of a German edition of Judge Lindsey's "The Companionate Marriage." We hope that this latest book by the Judge will travel as far and bring its illumination to as many minds.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Dangerous Life," by Ben Lindsey and Rube Borough. Published by Horace Liveright, New York.

Sin Back in the Dictionary

This book* is genuine news! Judging from the trend of contemporary literature, one has about come to the conclusion there would be no morals on the morrow. It came rather as a surprise when Walter Lippmann wrote his "Preface to Morals" to know that we had enough morals for which a preface could be written. It is therefore refreshing to find an author who can both diagnose and prescribe. Our age is so predominantly analytical, possessing the technique of tearing everything apart, yet knowing not how to put it together again, that one appreciates the appearance of a synthetic writer who can "put Humpty Dumpty together again."

Truly, this book is long overdue. Ever since the days of Epicurus we have had a philosophy of morals, which if it had dominated civilization completely, would have apotheosized the pigsty both in morals and appe-

*"Morals for Tomorrow," by Ralph W. Sockman. Published by Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

tite. Even since the day when Eve gave Adam the apple, morals and digestion seem to have become badly mixed.

Now in these latter days man seems to have ruined his digestion and lost his morals through the revival of utilitarian hedonism. Therefore, when an author comes along and says,

> True moral law is not a man-made conception of what ought to be superimposed upon what is but it is rather a statement of what is, and the condition of its highest development

we begin to feel that after all the universe has not played a joke upon us in giving us a conscience.

The book is brilliantly written. On every page is that flair for an expressive phrase, a gift for epigram, for fresh and illuminating illustration which have made the author's pronouncements so noble and effective. For example, in the chapter, The Vanishing Sinner, he writes,

> It is about as hard to get a conviction of sin these days in the courts of God, as it is to get a conviction of Volstead violation in the courts of New York.

In these cogent words the author states his justification for attempting the book:

> For a decade and more we have been subjected to a "de-bunking" process, with the result that the trend has been to make our literature all surgery, and not tonic, our churches the dissection rooms of dead superstitions rather than clinics of the soul, and our colleges the producers of side-line cynics instead of mental and moral athletes who enjoy the game of living.

The book is divided into two parts. The first half is devoted to a survey and analysis of the present moral dilemma in which we find ourselves. With a brilliant scintillating incisiveness he depicts The Vanishing Sinner, Morals in a Machine Age, The Modern Fall of Man, The New Hypocrisy and The Right to Be Happy. In the latter chapter he administers a well deserved rebuke to Dora Russell (Mrs. Bertrand Russell) who asserts the right to be happy as all dominant:

> The freedom of the instincts, the self-discipline of reason, the liberty of the individual, as against restrictions of social institutions; and beyond these a vague sense of maladjustment over being cheated of we know not what.

In the second part of the book the author affirms the fact, which likewise few persons realize, that civilizations with their regulated group life are not founded primarily on political and economic theories, or even on the application of scientific discoveries to man's method of livelihood, but on religion. And by religion he does not mean systems of theology, but instead man's reaction to the universe in which he finds himself; the demands, if any, which duty makes on him; his obedience to the commands of truth as he discovers it; and his sense of worth, or worthlessness, of his individual life and that of his fellows.

With this as his thesis, he examines naturalism, humanism and theism as philosophies of life, and discovers that man's evaluation of the universe is not an intellectual proposition, but an emotional necessity. We have come to be what we are over the long evolutionary process of development so that we emotionally recoil from any view of the universe which predicates the final worthlessness of the individual and the relativity of worth.

Perhaps the two most valuable chapters are those on The Moral Authority of Free Minds and Artistry in Morals. In the former he says,

> True moral law is not a man-made conception of what ought to be superimposed on what is, but it is rather a statement of what is, and the condition of its highest development. The source of all known and knowable rules of conduct is found in human nature as it reveals itself in the social-historical order.
>
> The test of every moral principle is its adaptation to the actual needs of life as seen over a period sufficiently long to sift the transient from the permanent. When moral law is recognized as the formulated result of studying actualities, it begins to take on the authoritative standing recorded by the modern mind to natural laws. . . When we thus view moral law as evolving discovery of what fits and develops human nature we give it the authoritative standing of the scientific truth without denying its divine source.

In the chapter, Artistry in Morals, we find,

> The doers of duty may be roughly divided into two groups. There are those who dislike what they believe to be their moral obligations but nevertheless attempt to do them. The others are those who have transformed duty-doing from a conscious effort into a spontaneous art . . . The truly moral life must be seen as a genuine self-realization.
>
> The moral struggle is an attempt to realize the true nature of man, an effort of the self to pull its parts together and to make every impulse fit into the meaning of life. Every living organism is impelled toward its own completeness and the sense of ought is the self feeling its innate compulsion toward its own completeness.
>
> The doing of duty becomes a creative art. The understanding of the moral obligation as the central impulse of the self toward its own completeness may produce a predisposing friendliness for it, and the cultivation of taste and tact may beget an agreeable technique in the exercise of it . . . The distinguishing mark of the genuine artist is that he is trying to express something through himself rather than merely trying to express himself through something.

Though Sockman does not solve "the riddle of the universe," at least he makes an attempt which is not an insult to the modern, bewildered mind, so certain in its own conceits, so cynical in its own indifference and so in love with its own ignorance.

W. Waldemar W. Argow.

Note

The article, Broaden, Europe, or Die! by Romain Rolland, published in the April 20th issue of Unity, was translated by Mrs. Ruth Langner and should have been so credited.—Editor.

Correspondence

Corporal Punishment in Japan

Editor of Unity:

Corporal punishment, whether in the form of whipping, caning, slapping, or spanking is practically unknown where Japanese children are concerned—a triumph of self-restraint probably not yet achieved by any other civilized nation.

I lived for two years in Japan and went to and fro every day in crowded main streets, in tramcars and trains, and I have never once seen or heard of a child receiving so much as a smack. This is not because the small children are angels; but because the Japanese consider that patience, cajoling, reasoning, coaxing, raillery and gentle mockery are more rational methods of bringing a child to a realization of its naughtiness than physical force.

When living in Tokyo, I was told by a Yokohama friend that Japanese women used to stop and look over the fences of the Chinese quarter to marvel at the strange sight of the Chinese mothers actually whipping their own children! Had these gentle Japanese visited the part of Scotland in which I was brought up, there would have been many a "ma!" and "sa!" of consternation: for there I have heard mothers yelling to their offspring that when they got hold of them they would "flay" them alive and cut their heads off."

There is no corporal punishment in Japanese schools.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 146)

freedom fitted for the duties of citizenship. Much discussion arose about the question of probation in order to prevent first offenders entering the precincts of a prison, and it must be remembered some nations have not advanced so far in Penal Reform as is the case in Great Britain.

One field which merits more attention that it receives at present is the question of work and the remuneration of a prisoner's work. There was a strong feeling that a prisoner ought to do useful work and be made to support his dependents at home by sending a suitable portion of his remuneration. The question of physical, intellectual and moral education was dealt with also. Serious discussion arose over the question of the cellular or dormitory system at night. It was felt that it was good to have association by day in work or recreation, but it was agreed as a general rule a system of separate confinement by night must be regarded as an essential part of a modern prison treatment, but there may be exceptional circumstances in different countries which require a system of dormitories or rooms in common.

The separation of the corrigible from the incorrigible, the special treatment of the insane and abnormal criminals, the curative internment of alcoholic and drug delinquents, the methods of dealing with beggars and vagabonds and habitual delinquents all received a rightful place in the sessions. An important resolution was adopted that all officials of penal administration should be trained specially for their particular functions. The higher officials should have a higher education. It is essential to have special schools and classes for the education of the officials, directors and superintendents. Candidates must be chosen for their special aptitudes and qualities and when chosen must have adequate salaries. In women prisons the officers should be women and where possible the chaplain also, a fact which touches women ministers in our colleges.

The Youth section aroused much interest, as all present realized that prevention is better than cure, and also the tremendous influence for good that may be the turning point in many a young life, due to the effect of the school or club on character. Mr. Alexander Paterson, one of the British Prison Commissioners, recently referred in a speech to the immense moral value of clubs for young people in large cities and towns. It was thought the word prison should not be used in dealing with delinquent youth, and an important resolution was carried:

If Juvenile Courts are desirable with all that pertains to them, it is ultimately desirable that ordinary courts be given the opportunity of placing delinquents of, say, 18 to 25, in a special institution or at least in special quarters with educative discipline in the widest sense. Such institutions should not be called prisons.

At the closing meeting of the Assembly Dr. Papelka, President of the Supreme Court of Czechoslovakia, referred "to the fruitful results of previous conferences. In many states reform of penal legislation is being taken in hand. The judge has not only to consider the crime but the person and the moral state of the criminal. Much will be demanded of judges in the future who must necessarily be

---

I once asked a boy of sixteen what would be done to a boy if he behaved very badly indeed. He thought for a time and the worst punishment he could think of was: "Sa! I sink he would be put outside the door!"

A cross word from her teacher is a serious punishment to a Japanese girl. One day I heard a Japanese colleague talking in a quiet "come, let us reason together" tone to a girl, and she told me afterwards: "I was giving Masakosan a very severe scolding"! Only last year in a Kobe High School a girl, to whom her male teacher gave a reprimand for giggling, went home and committed suicide by taking poison from the surgery of her father, a doctor, so deeply did she feel the disgrace of being reprimanded.

Quarrelling is unusual in Japan. My house overlooked a large elementary school yard but I never saw as much quarrelling in a year among some five hundred children as I have seen in a week in a small rural Canadian school of twelve pupils.

Tokyo streets swarm with apprentice boys on bicycles carrying goods to their masters' customers, and there are constant collisions. A boy will be gaily sailing along holding aloft a tray with someone's lunch on it, and another with a trailer full of green-grocery will whizz around a corner! They will pick themselves and their goods out of the melee and there will not be a word of recrimination or a voice raised above normal.

Foreigners in Japan soon learn that unless they want to gather an amused crowd they must not show anger or irritation or scold, under any circumstances. It simply isn't done; and when one has lived only a short time in Japan, it comes as a shock—so soon does the gentle influence work—to hear one's own countryman come into a shop and bluster at an unfortunate shop boy because he has sent him fruit cake instead of grapefruit.

Whereas it is quite impossible to live anywhere near Chinese of the working classes, one can have one's house in the heart of a Japanese city, surrounded by poor Japanese streets, and there will be no annoyance from shouting, loud voices, drunken brawling, fighting, and quarrelling such as one would have to endure in similar streets in London for instance. The worst noises are made by foreign importations such as street cars, motors, and radios.

The Japanese have much to teach us when it comes to civilization!

British Columbia ELLA DARLINGTON

Annie Besant on Liberty

Editor of UNITY:

Your readers might be interested to read what Annie Besant has been teaching the peoples of India about liberty:

"People have supposed that liberty means a vote. You could not have a bigger blunder. Liberty and the vote have practically nothing in common. The vote gives you the power to make laws, to coerce other people; it by no means gives you necessarily liberty for yourself. We have never had liberty upon earth. We have had class legislation of every kind, but liberty, *never*.

"Liberty is a great celestial goddess, strong, beneficent, and austere, and she can never descend upon a nation by the shouting of crowds, nor by the arguments of unbridled passion, nor by hatred of class against class.

"Liberty will never descend upon earth in outer matters until she has first descended into the hearts of men, and until the higher Spirit which is free has dominated the lower nature, the nature of passions and strong desires, and the will to hold for oneself and to trample upon others.

"You can only have a free nation when you have free men to build it out of—free men and women both; but no man is free and no woman is free who is under the dominance of appetite, or vice, or drunkenness, or any form of evil which he is unable to control.

"*Self control is the foundation on which alone freedom can be built.* Without that you have anarchy, not freedom; and every increase of anarchy is paid for by the price of happiness, which is given in exchange. But when freedom comes, she will come down to a nation in which every man and every woman will have learned self control and self-mastery; and then, and then only, out of such men who are free, out of such women who are free, strong, righteous, ruling their own nature and training it to the noblest ends —of such only can you build up political freedom, which is the result of the freedom of the individual, and not the outcome of the warring passions of men."

HENRIETTE POSNER

Rochester, N. Y.

Unity An Old Friend

Editor of UNITY:

Again for the (I believe) forty-fifth time I am sending for UNITY. It is as much a part of my life as my food. Wish I could send a dozen-hundred subscriptions. I pass it to five others, all unable to pay for it. Mr. Jones was my guide and balance wheel during youth and middle life. Mr. Holmes keeps up my hope and enthusiasm as I am "beginning to be old." (J. W. Chadwick.)

UNITY is the only magazine that gives the news we want and as we want it, without fear.

Long may it live and flourish,

SARAH S. BLAIR

Oxford, N. Y.

specialized. It is essential that the public should be convinced that the need for reform is well grounded. Churches, schools and the press should collaborate in producing a new conceptoin of the prisoner and his relations to society."

One felt there was a new outlook at last regarding this class of society which previous generations thought should be merely punished and shut off from society behind high walls. Now it is felt that redemption of character must be the keynote, except in abnormal cases. A larger view of God's Fatherhood and Man's Brotherhood must be realized in this connection and the root causes of crime investigated. Experts find that the unhappy effects of unemployment, poverty, drink, and bad early training, the want of special care of the abnormal and insane, the lack of education in some Eastern lands, are among the causes of crime and delinquency. It is hoped the delegates at the Congress, who were official representatives of their various governments, will endeavor to act upon the resolutions passed; but the non-official delegates and the general public in all lands must also help to mould public opinion, and we with our simple faith in the goodness of the human soul should give our wholehearted support and blessing to this work.

The Congress was happy in receiving a message of welcome from the revered President Masaryk; it enjoyed ideal sunny weather, and the local organization was splendid. The next Congress will be held five years hence in Berlin.—*F. Hankinson.*

The Inquirer (London)

The Vacation Study Tour

A summer holiday tour has been arranged by the Housing Committee of the City Affairs Committee of New York, in cooperation with the Garden Cities and Town-Planning Association of London, and Mr. A. T. Pike of the latter organization will act as conductor. The party will be received by local authorities in each city, and various enterprises and projects will be visited under official guidance. Housing, of all types will be emphasized, from a broad, social standpoint, and in conjunction with general civic planning and development,—health, parks, transportation, and decentralization.

Cost of the Tour

The tour is being organized on a straight cost basis, and the individual fare will be from $680 up, depending upon the number of persons who form the party, and also upon whether a passenger chooses steamship reservations in cabin or student third class, and second class hotels.

The fare will include accommodations at first class hotels, consisting of double rooms without bath; meals according to the custom of the country; fees to hotel servants, and all local taxes. Also sight-seeing by motor coach, in accordance with the itinerary, including local guides where necessary, and admission fees to places of interest while with the party conductor.

The fare will not include afternoon teas, baths, laundry, passport and visa fees, tips to stewards on Atlantic steamers, baggage insurance, steamer chairs and rugs and other items not ordinarily served without extra charge.

Registration is requested as early as possible, in order to insure desirable steamship accommodations. A deposit of $50 for each passenger is payable at the time of booking, and the balance of passage money not later than June 1st.

For itinerary and further details, address: Miss Helen Alfred, Housing Chairman City Affairs Committee of New York, 433 West 21st Street, New York City.

The Twelve Greatest Women

A jury of five men have presumed to select "the twelve greatest women in America." Says a critic: "All lovely ladies, and no doubt kind to flowers."

Why do these male judges omit a woman who is so great in the cause of social justice that she is hailed as "World Mother" in Europe as well as in America?

Felix Salten, author of "Bambi," wrote recently in the "Neue Freie Presse" of Vienna: "In Altadena, California, lives a woman, Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz. . . . . One feels a joyful confidence because there is in America such a nature as this, a WORLD MOTHER."

Rob Wagner, in his lively journal, "Script", says: "There she is, looking out over a suffering world with the eyes of a mother—beautiful eyes, in a beautiful, smiling face. . . . Using the economic status great wealth gives her, she goes right after the leaders of her opposition."

Read the indictment of poverty, unemployment, and war in

STILL MORE LETTERS

the sixth volume of Kate Crane-Gartz, and guess why five men on a jury prefer ladies who are "kind to flowers."

Price, $1 cloth; 50 cents paper

Mary Craig Sinclair
Pasadena, California

Phone Oakland 0489 **JANITORS' SUPPLIES**

Everything in HARDWARE AT JOHNSON'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

The
Oakland :: Press
GOOD PRINTING

Invitations, Announcements, Programs, Letter Circulars, Business and Personal Stationery, etc.

3913 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
PHONE - ATLANTIC 1876

What I Owe to My Father

Collection of intimate stories of their fathers by Jane Addams, Roger W. Babson, Alice Stone Blackwell, Samuel A. Eliot, Edward A. Filene, Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, Paul Dwight Moody, William Pickens, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Oswald Garrison Villard, Stephen S. Wise, Mary E. Woolley.

Edited by Sydney Strong

"At last father has his innings." . . . Ideal gift, especially for Father's Day, Father-and-Son celebrations.

$1.50

Found at bookshops, or publishers

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, Inc.

One Park Ave. **New York**

HERESY: Bishop Brown's Quarterly Lectures. The first issue of the 1931 series.

Title: The Belief of the Bishops in God and Their Disbelief in Birth Control. Contains a criticism of two Encyclical Letters, one by 307 Anglican Bishops and the other by the Pope of Rome.

Ten cents, stamps or coin. Free to the unemployed and to radical organizations for sale at meetings.

THE BRADFORD-BROWN EDUCATIONAL CO.
GALION, OHIO